

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL. I.]

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[NO. 17.

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BY

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AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

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THE WOES OF GLENCO.

In April, 1691, a young English gentleman, whom we shall call William Orange Maninghame, went with his regiment to Fort William, in North Britain. Maninghame was descended from a family more ancient than wealthy. He was the fifth son ; two of his elder brothers survived, but they were serving in the foreign settlements which Charles II. obtained as a dowry with the Princess of Portugal.

A liberal education, and a pair of colours, was all Colonel Maninghame could give to William Orange ; and he bequeathed his blessing, with the care of two sisters, whose orphan youth found in William parental tenderness and attention. He knew his father's claims on the Prince of Orange, now on the throne of Great Britain as William III. and, for the sake of his sisters, overcame his natural diffidence so far as to present a memorial on the subject, through the hands of a nobleman distantly related to his mother ; but Lord R— had favours to ask for himself, and postponed the memorial to a more convenient season.

Our hero was the only officer in his regiment that had no income beside his pay ; yet in externals his genteel economy and abstemious habits enabled him to maintain a dignified equality, and in mental and moral superiority they felt him supreme, without being jealous of his eminence. Far from arrogating to himself any merit,

he modestly avowed that his self-denials were enforced by necessity. All the time they could abstract from military duties was in the forenoon given to billiards, cards, and dice, and in the evening consumed over the bottle.

William, with a book in his pocket, his fishing rod, or gun in his hand, rambled in the fields till some spot of peculiar beauty invited him to sit down to his studies, which the fishing or hunting apparatus were intended to screen from the imputation of ostentatious pedantry. If the weather confined him within doors, the pencil, the flute, the pen, or reading, filled up every vacuity of the day. The climate around Fort William is remarkable for humidity.

A rainy week kept the gentlemen within their barracks. Near its conclusion an anonymous letter to the Governor recommended dispatching a boat the same night to the south-west, twelve miles from the garrison, where ten or twelve men, led by a resolute officer could detect a treasonable correspondence. About a mile from the shore they should see a low built thatched house, distinguished from the dwellings of plebeian tenantry only by a garden laid out in a tasteful style ; but on entering the cottage it would appear the finishing and furniture might beseem the castle of a chieftain. Those ornaments were purchased with the bribes of Versailles and St. Germains.

This information was given to the sentry at the sally-port by a man on horseback, who rode off when he had delivered the letter. The sentry could not quit his post until the relief turned out ; it was then late, and the Governor was aware that, except Maninghame and the officer on guard, he had no leader quite in the possession of his senses to head the enterprize. He sent for Maninghame. It was not his tour of duty, but he readily undertook the service.

A large boat was soon procured : the current and vigorous rowers brought the party to the wooded cove described by the informer, and they landed just as a soft tinge of light dawned far in the east.—Having reach-

ed the cottage, Maninghame posted his men, with fixed bayonets, at every outlet from the garden, and undertook to approach alone the sleeping proprietor.

The governor warned him that he had been more than once misled by anonymous intelligence given from private malevolence, and as Maninghame found the front door unlocked he began to feel a conviction that he was going to disturb a blameless family. Advancing to the lobby he gently opened the door on his right hand, and with noiseless step came before a bed, where lay in calm repose a young girl, in whose countenance angelic beauty and serene purity seemed to avouch that no traitor could be an inmate of her abode. Her arm was uncovered ; its fine form, and the transparency of her polished hand and fingers, with the texture of her night dress assured him she was of no mean degree.

He retreated, and on the opposite side found a parlour, where a Scottish harp, a virginal, a violin, a half-finished drawing, an elegant piece of feminine work, books in the English, French, and Italian languages, and all the furniture declared refined affluence. As Maninghame glanced on those evidences he questioned with himself how he should proceed. The duty intrusted to him must be fulfilled, but it ought to be regulated with the utmost delicacy.

He ascended a low stair, and saw wide open the door of a spacious garret and furnished. An old gentleman, supported in his bed by pillows, looked at him with composure, and said— “I presume, Sir, you have lost your way ; but a traveller in military garb should be thrice welcome to a veteran soldier.”

Maninghame was embarrassed ; but as every moment of delay increased his reluctance to explain the purport of his visit, he briefly stated his orders to seize all papers contained in the house.

“To shew my papers I can have no objection,” said the old gentleman ; “but as they are of great importance to me and to my granddaughter, we must accompany you to Fort William.

some moments groping on the bottom, he found; but in rising again to the surface he struck his head against the ice. Sensible of the extreme peril of his situation, and that the current had carried him below the aperture, with a degree of presence of mind seldom equalled, straining every nerve, he redoubled his exertions, and was so fortunate as to again reach the opening, bringing with him the insensible and apparently lifeless body of his sister; both were drawn from the water by the assistance of some persons who had arrived from the shore, alarmed by the cries of the brother.

They were all carried to a neighbouring house, where the women were with some difficulty resuscitated. Upon measuring the depth of the water, where the sleigh had broken through the ice, it was found to be fourteen feet. *Utica Patriot.*

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

SELFLOVE AND SELFISHNESS.

It is said of Rocheſaucult's maxims, "that there is but one truth, in the book, viz. that self-love is the motive of all our actions; yet this truth is placed in so many different points of view, that it is always striking." Dean Swift speaks of them as follows;

"As Rocheſaucult his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind."

Is it then a *fault* to possess self-love? Or, rather is not this principle implanted in our nature, by the great Author of our being, as essential to our earthly existence? Would not a human being, entirely destitute of it, neglect to make provision for sustenance, comfort and defence, and rush on to suicide?

The very circumstance of its being inherent in our nature proves that it ought to be a motive of action, and perhaps, of all our actions. For when the sphere of its operation is somewhat extended, it appears in conjugal affection, in parental tenderness, in filial gratitude, and in brotherly love. From families it spreads its benign influence through the neighbourhood, in

which we dwell, and the country of which we are citizens. From our country it may be said to extend itself to the whole human race; to all who are liable to the same sorrows and troubles, and who are capable of affording the same consolation and relief; and it will ever be found that the surest way to promote individual happiness, is to seek the happiness of each other, and that the observation of the poet is as true, as it is poetical, that

"True self-love and social are the same."

The reason, why we are in duty bound to love and obey our Creator himself, is that he has made provision for the gratification of our self-love in the pursuit and attainment of happiness. Were his character opposite of what it is, it would be as morally wrong to reverence him, as it would be impossible.

The scriptures of truth abundantly corroborate these deductions of reason and common sense. The divine injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," plainly countenances self-love, without which we could not love our neighbours as ourselves. We are also taught in the sacred oracles, to love our fellow men with an affection ardent and strong, in proportion to the nearness of their relation to us. "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." "We love Him, because he first loved us." In short, all the promises and threatenings, contained in the Bible, are addressed to our self-love.

I know not if any of our Lexicographers or writers on synonymous terms have pointed out a distinction between the meaning of *self-love* and *selfishness*; but to my mind they convey very different ideas. Selfishness is self-love indulged to an irrational and unjust extreme. Rational and scriptural self-love is content with pursuing its own happiness,

in such a manner as not to interfere with that of others; selfishness pays no regard to the rights or feelings of another, being wholly intent on its own immediate interest. While self-love may expand in charity, patriotism, and general philanthropy, selfishness is a stranger to these virtues, and exerts its whole strength in favour of an individual. The one is consistent with and promotive of all the duties, which we owe to ourselves, to our fellowmen and to our God; the other is a fruitful source of all that is base, vicious and impious.

BENEVOLUS.

APHORISMS.

It is one of the most melancholy things in human nature, to see how often the grandest mysteries of the meditative soul lie at the mercy of surface—skimming ridicule, and self-satisfied exulting ignorance.—It is like seeing the most solemn gestures of human dignity mimicked into grotesque absurdity by monkeys.

To take delight in reading is to have the power of changing those moments of lassitude that visit every man, for the most delicious moments of life.

Idleness says Montesquieu, ought to have been ranked among the punishments of hell: yet most people place it among the joys of heaven.

The reason why fools so often succeed in their plans is because that never distrusting themselves they always persevere.

The heroism which results from good morals interests but few; the heroism that is most destructive, is the admiration of the multitude.

Aristotle and Horace have told us of the virtues of their forefathers, and the degeneracy of their own times; and authors from age to age, have done the same; but if they had spoken the truth, men at this day would be degenerated into brute animals.

BOSTON

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1820.

RECENT OCCURRENCES.

The committee of Congress on the subject of *duelling*, reported that "the existing laws were amply sufficient to repress duelling, if duly executed; and they therefore asked leave to be discharged from further inquiry on the subject;" and they were discharged.

On the 12th inst. at noon, sentence of death was executed, at Baltimore, Md. on the bodies of John F. Ferguson and Israel Denny, convicted of *piracy* in November last. It seems these sufferers had been engaged in one of the many privateers, fitted out in our waters, under the guise of the Patriot flag of South America, and then indiscriminately robbed defenceless vessels, whether belonging to friend or foe.

"The bodies," says the Federal Republican, "were conveyed from the jail to the county burial ground, attended by a numerous concourse of citizens, without regard to political distinction; who, one and all deplored the necessity which required that the Agents should suffer, while the Principals should be allowed to roam at large, and even witness the execution of those comparatively innocent, but misguided victims. Perhaps no two men similarly circumstanced ever manifested more resignation or manly fortitude, than Ferguson and Denny."

A Spanish minister has arrived at Washington, but what progress he has made with our Cabinet, we have not been able to ascertain.

It is stated, that in one district in Connecticut, consisting of a population of about sixty thousand, there is not at present, one person confined for crime or debt!

The steam boat Volcano, in ascending the Mississippi, burst her boiler, which killed the engineer, and two negroes, and severely scalded the mate. The Newport has been sunk near the Red River, and the Perseverance, burnt to the water's edge, near Madison, in Indiana.

On the evening of the 13th inst., a store, in Philadelphia, containing watches, jewelery, &c. was entered by means of a false key, and robbed to the amount of \$1400. One of the robbers has been apprehended.

Governor Brooks is re-elected by about ten thousand majority. General King is elected governor of the State of Maine almost unanimously.

The small pox rages in several towns in Vermont. Those, who are liable to take this infection, and will not take the precaution to use the blessing of vaccination, ought to suffer.

At Wilmington, on the 8th inst. a part of the large boarding house, occupied by Mrs. Vance, was blown down by a gust of wind, and Mrs V. who was standing in the piazza, was crushed to death.

A subscription was opened in Paris for erecting an expiatory monument on the spot where the Duke de Berri was assassinated.

Gov. Findley, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation offering a reward of 1000 dollars for the apprehension of the incendiaries who have lately infested the city of Philadelphia.

Com. Barron had so far recovered his health as to be able to leave Washington City for his residence at Hampton, in Virginia.

Through the intercession of our truly gallant Com. Macdonough, a mutual reconciliation has taken place between Commodores Rodgers and Barron, which adds another unsading laurel to the brow of our favorite hero.

The officers, who some time since returned from the Mediterranean, have been restored, and have received orders to proceed to different commands.

In New-York it has been determined that the money collected for the relief of the Savannah sufferers, and returned by the Mayor of Savannah,

should be refunded to the contributors.

The crime of Arson has become very familiar in many of our most populous cities.

We hear from Northfield, that on Friday last, the Bridge over the Connecticut river at that place, gave way and fell, and that a Mr. Newell, who was passing the bridge at the time with a team, was killed by the fall.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Monday, April 17.

Foundling of the Forest.—Out of Place.

Wednesday, April 19.

Every One has his Fault.—Devil's Bridge.

Friday, April 21.

My Uncle.—The Castle of Paluzzi. Cinderella

INSTALLED.

In Wenham, Rev'd. Ebenezer B. Sperry.

MARRIED.

In Wayne Co. N. C. Mr. Bartholemew Crab, aged 68, to Miss Susan Candy, aged 16.

EPITHALAMIUM.

The Crab, old and sour, must find it quite handy,
Thus sweeten'd to be by delicious young Candy.

ANOTHER.

Hymen works wonders, so the poets blab—
He changes sweetest Candy to a Crab.

In Dresden, Me. Mr. Joseph M. Marsh, of this town, to Miss Tryphosa C. Parker.

In this town, Mr. James Ingalls to Miss Mary B. Spear.

Mr. Alfred Curtis to Miss Ann Curtis.
Mr. Joseph Harris of Chelsea, to Miss Mary Shillaber.

DIED.

In Worcester the Hon. LEVI LINCOLN, formerly Attorney General of the United States, and afterwards Lieutenant Governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In Roxbury, Mr. Charles Brown, of this town.

At the Havanna, Mr. George W. Clark, Capt. William Newman, jr, and Capt. Lovell of this town.

In this town, Miss Mary Ann Oliver, aged 18.

Mrs. Rebecca Hill, 48.
Mr. Lewis Leah, a native of Greece.
Mr. Thomas B. Gerry, 28.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

—
EPISTLE FROM THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Editor,—I am on a visit in the country, at my uncle's, who is an industrious forehanded farmer. Having never passed a night out of town till very lately, and taken all my ideas of the country from poets and novelists, you cannot think how strange every thing at first appeared to me.

I arrived just at sundown, and my aunt and her three daughters, dressed very handsomely, welcomed me into a well furnished parlour, and treated me to an excellent cup of tea and other refreshments, as good as we find in seaports. Soon after dark, a bird began to sing delightfully in the orchard, upon which I told them I presumed that was the nightingale. They smiling told me it was the whip-poor-will, and that there were no nightingales in this country. I answered, that I thought they must be mistaken; for many of the American poets, who write the beautiful pieces that fill our magazines and newspapers, cannot produce ten lines without introducing, the nightingale, philomel, or philomela, all which mean the same thing. They assured me that these bards used much too great poetic licence, and were only what Mrs. Barbauld called "unfledged poets."

In discoursing further upon literary subjects, I was surprised to find them so well informed, especially when they told me, that all the education they had received was by attending the village school about two months in a year, till they were fourteen, and then passing nine months at an Academy in the country. I told them I had been to school all the year round, ever since I was old enough, but found they were acquainted with many studies, of which I was ignorant. They replied, that they went to places of

education *on purpose to study*, and since they had done going, they made it a rule to complete their housework and dairy work in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, while two of them were employed in needle work or straw braiding, the third read aloud some entertaining or instructive book, by which means they acquired much useful information.

Being fatigued with my journey, I retired early, and enjoyed as comfortable a night's rest, as could be expected in a strange place. On quitting my bed chamber the next day, I asked my cousins how it happened, that I did not hear the birds sing, as I expected. They answered, that the birds always sung in the morning, and very few were heard at that time of day. I enquired what time it was, and was informed it was nine o'clock. I replied, that we called that early in the morning in seaports. They told me, that country people called it forenoon.

On being invited to breakfast, I found a table set for one person only. I asked if they were not going to breakfast with me, and was answered, that they always took that meal in the morning. On praising their nice sweet butter, and wondering we could not get such in town, they told me, that they had churned it that morning, and that it would be next to impossible to convey it to town without some injury.

After dinner, while my uncle, who is a colonel, and my cousin John, who is an adjutant, were resting themselves, and giving their working cattle an opportunity to do the same, John took up "The Times by a Young Bostonian," which I brought with me, among other books, for the amusement of myself and the family. He opened it and read the "Military Review," which very much diverted them, till he came to the account of the "soldier's fare," "paying for his dinner, &c." "That," said my uncle, "cannot mean our review, for our entertainment was as good as the Boston

one, when the governor himself was present; I had a good opportunity of knowing, for I partook of the collation myself; and provided one exactly like it, and no invited guest was called upon to pay a cent. I believe the Young Bostonian must have travelled beyond the limits of Massachusetts proper, to have witnessed such a review as he describes."

Having filled my sheet, I shall write no more at present.

DELIA.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE DESULTORY CONTRIBUTOR.

NO. V.

A CHARACTER.

NOT TO BE IMITATED.

Cleora is the only daughter of respectable parents in easy circumstances. From her childhood her education has been left to the care of others, her parents deeming themselves incompetent to undertake such a task. Every thing is provided for her by her too indulgent parents, that can increase her comfort or pleasures, and almost every wish of her heart is anticipated by the anxious mind of a tender mother. She has never been under any restraint, but has always conducted as best pleased her fancy; and her disposition being gay and volatile, her acquirements light and superficial, she has always endeavoured to mingle with those females, whose dispositions and character coincided with her own. Instead of seeking happiness within her own bosom, in the society of her parents and friends, and in the exercise of piety and benevolence, she has sought for it with the greatest eagerness in the fashionable world, at card parties, assemblies and the theatre. Consequently she has imbibed false principles of conduct, which have caused her many tears of sorrow, and disappointed the fond hopes of her beloved parents.

That her future aggrandizement and happiness in life depended entire-

ly on the superiority of her beauty and external accomplishments, over those of other females, and that men of fortune and of merit are universally guided in their choice of companions for life by the beauty and gracefulness of the outward person: these fashionable dogmas were deeply impressed on her heart, in her early years, and, by the time she was eighteen years old, were considered by her as self evident truths.

Sensible of the power of her beauty, which in fact was great, she acted the coquette to the greatest extent, and rejected with ridicule and scorn the most advantageous offers of marriage from the worthiest of men. Years rolled on years, her course of conduct continued the same, and her infatuation seemed to increase as she grew older, till at last her beauty began to fade, and consequently her numerous train of professional lovers and admirers fell away one by one, till the whole finally left her.

She has now past the Rubicon, and is woefully left to "waste her sweetness on the desert air." Her eyes are open and she perceives, alas! when it is too late, the vast difference there is between true and false principles, between the accomplishments of the mind and those of the body. Her temper is soured, and she is displeased with every thing around her; and being unhappy herself strives to render all others so. Despised by the one sex as much as by the other, she seems to enjoy no other pleasure, than that of endeavouring to blast the reputations of more fortunate females.

A life, single and forlorn, is doubtless her fate, which if you, my fair ones, wish to avoid, you will consider the improvement of your minds, as an indispensable duty; and that in your intercourse with the world your conduct must be guided by wisdom, modesty and discretion. Moreover you must shun the company of Coquettes, and those of indelicate con-

versation, and also every book of false and impure sentiments.

"Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau."

MRS. PIOZZI'S BALL.

A Ball, Concert and Supper were given on Thursday se'n-night, at Bath, by the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi, with whose name are associated some of the best feelings of literary recollection; whose intimate friendship with Dr. Johnson and the wits and writers of his day, combined with her own classic attainments, have raised a halo of imperishable fame around her character.

Thirty-five years (says the Bath Herald) have elapsed since the death of Dr. Johnson, half the allotted age of mortals, since those days when it was supposed Mrs. Piozzi was in the zenith of her powers; and now, with all her faculties bright and clear, without one of those "warnings," which even many years before that period she has so pleasantly depicted, she issues seven hundred cards of invitation to a concert ball, and supper, for the celebration of her eightieth birth day; actively employs herself in all the fatiguing preparatory arrangements; and actually opens the ball, by going down a country dance with all the grace and neatness of a matron of forty five!

For the last month the world of fashion has been anxiously anticipating the pleasure of this unique entertainment; and about nine o'clock on Thursday evening the company began to assemble at the Kingston Room. The concert commenced at 10 o'clock, and the supper rooms were opened at 12: the banquet comprised a profusion of all the delicacies of the season, displayed in the most elegant style, and the wines and liquors were of the choicest flavor.

After supper, Sir James Saumarez rose and proposed the health of Mrs. Piozzi, which was drank with enthusiasm, and with three times three. About 2 o'clock dancing commenced; Mrs. Piozzi led off the first dance with Sir J. Salisbury, and by the grace and elegance of her manner, astonished the company; after which followed

quadrilles and country dances alternately.

The company did not quit the festive scene, till five o'clock, and then departed truly gratified with the entertainment of their highly gifted hostess, who, by her affability and inspiring cheerfulness charmed the whole company. *London Paper.*

Though the following account has already appeared in several papers, we republish it for those of our subscribers, who may wish to preserve it, as being in reality a

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.

"On Sunday, the 13th of February last a Mr. Budlong, his wife, child, sister, and brother-in-law, were returning in a sleigh on the ice from a visit to a friend living near the Chippewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence river.—They had experienced some difficulty in getting on to the ice from the shore, and Mr. B. having wetted his feet, seated himself in the sleigh for the purpose of taking off his stockings, which were wet, giving up the reins to his brother, who from inattention or ignorance of the road, drove on to a place on the ice where there had lately been an air hole, and which was not yet frozen sufficiently strong to bear; the ice broke under them, and the sleigh upset and sank, with the two women and child. Mr. B. sprung from the sleigh while sinking, exclaiming, "We are all lost," and fortunately reached the firm ice; the young man who was driving, was unable to swim, but struggled until he was reached and drawn out of the water by Mr. B. who retained his hold upon the solid ice.

This was no sooner accomplished, than Mr. B. throwing off his coat and hat, declared that he would save the others or perish in the attempt; and accordingly plunged into the water in search of those most dear to him. The first he found was the child, which grasping, he rose to the surface, and brought it within reach of his brother;—then drawing himself again on the firm ice, he plunged again to the bottom, and, finding his wife, rose a second time with her in his arms, but apparently lifeless, leaving her in the care of his brother who was calling aloud for assistance from the shore.

After taking breath for a moment, he a third time plunged into the water in search of his sister, whom, after

I am in good health, except this asthma, which obliges me to inhabit the upper story of my cottage, and to sleep with open doors: yet as the paroxysm is sometimes severe, I must have my child with me."—As he spoke, the young lady, half undressed, and covered with a tartan mantle, hastened to his bedside without observing the stranger.—"My dear grandpapa," said the lovely creature, "where is Callum? where is Ronald? how could they both leave you?"—"Tranquillize your sensitive heart, my child, I am not ill," replied the grandsire. "Callum and Ronald are asleep."—"And to whom did you speak, my dear Sir?"—"To the gentleman on whom you have so politely turned your back, my Elvina."—Elvina looked round; her cheeks were dyed crimson, and Maningham blushed in with a consciousness unknown before.

The old gentleman, in a few words, related to his fair charge the necessity for their excursion to Fort William; and requested her to order an early breakfast for their guest, themselves, and the soldiers. Elvina disappeared. A respectable aged female domestic came in a few minutes to conduct Mr. Maningham to the parlor; and the trio, so singularly introduced to each other, soon met at the breakfast table. Elvina, habited in a tartan dress, a green velvet bonnet, with an artificial plume of flowering heath, seemed to Maningham the heaven-born genius of the Alpine scenery, whose graceful wildness and variety charmed beyond the power of art.

The voyagers had a pleasant passage to Fort William with the returning tide, and mutually pleased, Elvina and Maningham wished the duration had been prolonged. The examination of Major M'Donald's papers evinced beyond a doubt that he had been not only loyal but active in promoting the interests of the Prince of Orange: under the Prince's own hand there appeared a letter of thanks for his conduct at the battle of Seneff, and condolence for the loss of his gallant son in the same action. Several other notes in the Prince's hand writing, made inquiries for Major M'Donald's wounds, and repeated expressions of confidence and esteem.—Maningham had leave to escort Major M'Donald and Miss Raymond home, and to accept the Major's invitation to stay with them a fortnight. In their prog-

ress to Fort William the veteran inquired if Mr. Maningham was related to Colonel Maningham, who, like himself, was exiled by James II. and, like him, had a son killed at Seneff? Colonel Maningham, the most valued friend of Major M'Donald, was father to the young subaltern.

After satisfying himself that his young associate was trust-worthy, the Major asked him if he had no curiosity to know why an enemy had misrepresented him? Maningham answered him that it seemed too unaccountable to deserve a thought.—"I shall, however, show you the malignant aspersion had a cause; I mean continued the Major, "that I may conjecture the occasion of enmity. I was bred a Papist: I married an English Protestant, but difference in religion made none in affection. Within the first year after our marriage my dear wife brought me a son. I followed the fortunes of Charles II. abroad; my wife remained in England with her relations.

After several years she joined me in Holland, where the King lived as a private gentleman. The accomplishments of my Elvina were universally admired: our son promised all that could delight tenderness and encourage hope. A girl, the mother of our young hostess, was added to my felicity. The King professed every sentiment for us that could flatter the most sanguine expectations. He sent me on a secret service to France, from whence I was recalled by a letter from my wife, hardly legible: she was alarmingly ill. I returned, and saw that my Elvina had but a few days to live. She implored me as I valued her present and eternal peace, to swear the most solemn oath that I should never directly nor indirectly act upon the communication she wished to make. I pledged my soul by the most tremendous vows. My dear Elvina revealed she had suffered violence from the royal monster of licentious atrocity, for whom I had shed my blood—for whom I had journeyed and toiled with the zeal of individual attachment.

A Romish priest had been the agent of his attempted seduction; the execrable wretch had introduced him to my wife's apartment when she persevered in defeating every snare for her fidelity and honour. This villain was my confessor. He had written to me a farewell letter importuning that he had religious motives for retiring to a mon-

astery in Spain. My wife urged me to examine the principles of the reformed faith, and while pressing her request, sunk upon my bosom and expired. I had sworn not to call Charles to the dread account my soul flamed to exact, and I removed from him. In a few months he was restored to his kingdom, and I came to my own country. I found my nephew was no more, and I was heir to the small patrimony on which I built this cottage. Here I passed a few years but not unmolested: I had abjured the Roman Catholic religion, my children were reared in heretical opinions, and to persecute us must be meritorious. Some of my former intimates among the courtiers of Charles wrote to me that powerful foes had sought my ruin; but, though in the madness of intoxication he had inflicted upon me the most cruel injury, he would not deliberately consign me to destruction. His brother, James, was open to all accusations against Protestants, and I was an apostate.

My history there you have learned from the papers examined at Fort William. I came over with King William; but I am too old to ask favours, or to perform any service to the state, and there are many useful adherents to be secured and satisfied. All I shall ask of his Majesty shall be, his royal protection for my granddaughter, unless she has the good fortune to obtain the lawful guardianship of some amiable man. Her father was a captain in King William's army, of English extraction, but born in Holland: his fortune was considerable, and she is heiress of my small estate. Worth, not wealth, shall be my object in her spouse, and, above all, I shall consult her inclinations, for she is incapable of loving without well founded esteem."

In these words Maningham hoped he might augur some sanction to the sentiments that glowed in his heart, but which he had not ventured to disclose to Elvina. She had on their first introduction, behaved to him with the frankness of a sister; of late her vivacity had diminished, and her reserve increased: yet the added softness of her manners the flushing that mantled in her cheeks if he returned unexpectedly from a walk, or alluded to interesting situations, permitted him to infer that impassioned sympathy formed between them a tie which gave a new value to his existence. Before the end of autumn the de-

nouement produced auspicious nuptials; auspicious in the most perfect union of souls, the fondest concord of feeling! but how tragic in the catastrophe!

From the end of August to the middle of December, time swam along with Maninghamame and Elvina in enamoured extacy, boundless confidence, and a growing sense of each other's ennobling, endearing qualities; but their bliss was interrupted by prospects of aggrandizement. A letter from the Commander in Chief required Maninghamame to repair to London. He was appointed a Captain of the Life Guards, which at once gave the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Lord R—, on hearing of his marriage with an heiress, recollects and presented his memorial to the sovereign.

William though cold in his demeanour, was firm in gratitude to his assured friends: he recognized the name of his godson, and the services of his deceased father. Elvina could not travel in the depth of winter, her symptoms promised a pledge of their loves; nor could she leave her grandfather if her own health could have encountered the cold and fatigue of a long journey. Maninghamame must separate from the dearer soul of his being. They parted in agonies dimly presaging their doleful reunion.

The horrid massacre at Glenco made no exemption in favour of any M'Donald: the aged companion in arms of the King, who had not only sworn but proved his allegiance, was butchered by royal authority, surreptitiously indeed assumed, but not less fatal to the victims and to the honour of the monarch. Elvina escaped she knew not how, and fled she knew not whither. Terror and grief had rendered her frantic; she fled to Stirlingshire, and in the hut of a poor woman was prematurely delivered of a son. It would seem she had not undressed when the military began their slaughter. Restored to her senses she had a faint remembrance of sitting late to finish a pacquet for her husband. That fond husband became alarmed that he had no tidings from her or from Major M'Donald; he sent his trusty servant post to make inquiries, though he had no dread that his wife or grandfather were included in the massacre. She had roamed from house to house in mute dejection, and occasionally troublesome with intemperate sallies of mirth.

As she always shewed signs of dismay and ran out when the M'Donalds of Glenco were mentioned, people easily got rid of her by saying that the Captain and his soldiers were coming to the bloody work. One morning very early she came into the kitchen of a public house on the Highland road, where the hostess was preparing oat cakes; she asked, as usual, for a piece of dough to mould a bust of her beloved; but one, two, or three pieces would not satisfy her. A door was heard to open, and presently a young man with a pair of boots in his hand passed into another little chamber.—“That lad,” said the hostess, “is servant to the Captain; he will rise immediately and begin to cut off the rebel M'Donalds root and branch.” Elvina observed a large sharp pointed knife upon a dresser; with the cunning peculiar to madness, she stole it under an old cloak some charitable lady had given to her.

The door of the bed-room was left a little open by the servant: the maniac glided in, and plunged the knife into the side of the traveller! His first exclamation recalled her senses. It was the thrilling voice of Maninghamame! Elvina sunk before his bed in a death-like swoon. His servant answered the alarming call: Maninghamame directed him to bind up his wound, and to summon the hostess to take care of the assassin. So changed was she by a wasting cough, by hardships, and exposure to the weather that till she was able to speak and declare her name, Maninghamame did not know the features engraven on his heart. He tried to reconcile her to herself, but death had previously ensured his claim, and the recent shock hastened the progress of her disease. Maninghamame survived her but five days: he had left his bed before the state of his wound rendered it safe. He had watched his wife day and night; a fever ensued: one grave held their remains.

This dismal tale is but one of many records that in Gaelic monodies perpetuate the remembrance of the woes of Glenco.

PETRIFIED CITY.

The following statement was given by Cassern Aga, the Tripolean ambassador at the court of Great Britain, about the year 1747, relative to a petrified city in the interior of Africa. It strongly brings to mind the awful cir-

cumstance recorded in the 19th chapter of Gen. verse 26, and may be interesting to some of your readers. Its reality may be confirmed through the researches of the enterprising traveller, Mr. Ritchie, who proceeded some time since with an expedition from Tripoli, for the purpose of exploring the interior of that vast continent.

“As one of my friends desired me to give him, in writing, an account of what I knew touching the petrified city, situated seventeen days journey from Tripoli, by Caravan, to the south-east, and two days journey south from Ougueda, I told him what I had heard from different persons, and particularly from the mouth of one man of credit, who had been on the spot; that is to say—that it was a spacious city, of a round form, having great and small streets therein, furnished with shops, with a large castle, and magnificently built; that he had seen there several sorts of trees, the most part olives and palms, all of stone, and of a blue, or rather red color.

“That he saw also figures of men, in postures of exercising their different employments; some holding in their hands, staves, others bread; every one doing something—even women suckling their children, all of stone.

“That he went into the castle by three different gates, though there were many more; that there were guards at these gates, with pikes and javelins in their hands.

“In short, that he saw in this wonderful city, many sorts of animals, as camels, oxen, horses, asses, and sheep, and various birds, all of stone, and of the color above mentioned.

People of a very reserved temper appear under a thousand disadvantages. By strangers and those of an inferior rank, they are thought proud: by those of a franker disposition, they are often suspected of a disingenuous want of candour; in many instances, their silence appears ungenerous, and is liable to many misinterpretations.

A mutual confidence is the strongest tie of friendship; reserve is almost always attended with ill consequences; it leaves room for doubts and anxiety, and often occasions fatal mistakes.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS.

Good Heavens ! how pleasant, after long,
long absence,
To view again the scenes of early youth ;
To tread once more the spot, where childhood pass'd,
In one untroubled course of peaceful joy.
All objects round us, all we see and hear,
Remind us of some blissful moments past.

Here, on this hill, I rais'd my little kite ;
Here stood to see the sun gently decline,
Tinging with gold the waters calm below ;
On bank of yonder stream was wont to watch,
With rod and fly to take its finny tenants.
Happy remembrance !

* * * * *
But ah ! each scene,
That I behold, reminds me of some friend,
Now gone forever—some whom I have lov'd
With youthful fondness, resting in the tomb.
Like a dream it seems.—Twenty short years !
O God, how many, in that petty space,
Thou to thyself hast call'd, whom once I knew.
I still remain, but blasted ; like a tree
By lightning of its branches all bereft ;
Heedless of life, I care not when it ends.
All I once lov'd, all who lov'd me, are gone !—
I fain would follow them, and be at rest.

J. Q. V.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE EDITOR.

Whether I shall be, or not,
A poet up to Walter Scott ;
Or whether I've a right to hope
To write like Byron, Swift, or Pope ;
Or ev'n in rhyming make a jingle,
Like the starv'd author of Mc Fingal ;
Or take a towering epic flight,
Like Homer, Virgil, Milton, Dwight ;
Or e'er mount Pegasus so antick,
Like hards on either side th' Atlantick—
Admits no doubt—I'll tell you why;
Because, forsooth, I ne'er shall try.

But now and then, in leisure time,
For sport, I try my hand at ryhme,

And send on to your Ladies' Folio,
To eke out your poetic Olio.

Some specimens I here enclose,
O'er which your patrons kind may doze,
Calmly, as though they were in prose.

SPECIMEN I.

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM.
Says old John Bull, one day, to Uncle Sam,
“ To call your authors good is all a sham ;
They're most intolerable in their writing.”
‘ You say the same,’ quoth Sam, ‘ about our fighting.’
“ Let fighting pass ; but you, like me, must know,
Your country's young ; your authors must be low ;
They're so contemptible, I ne'er have read them.”
‘ Well, when you have, much more you'll learn to dread them.’

II.

ON ONE MR. DAY,

WHOSE DOG RAN AWAY.

Though “ every dog must have his day ;”
If dogs will from their owners jog,
It gives us liberty to say,
That every Day can't have his dog.

III.

THE FLOURISHING CHIROGRAPHER.

“ No living man beneath the sun
Can counterfeit my hand,” cries John.
‘ Could one,’ says Tom, ‘ no man would heed it,
For Beelzebub himself can't read it.’

IV.

TRIFLING.

All ye, in trifling who delight,
Pray, attempt to trace
Beginning of eternity,
End of every place,
Beginning too of every end,
End of time and space.
All these may easily be found ;
It is no “ wild-goose chase.”

JUVENIS.

A solution is requested.

TO THE LADIES.

Would you, ye fair, but think on this,
That beauty meets decay ;

That pleasures and all earthly bliss
For ever pass away.

The rose that in the morning blooms,
We liken unto you ;
Its tints, and date, and rich perfumes,
Sure mark the emblem true,

The silver lilly, dipt in light,
Virtue's bright typic flow'r,
Fragrant at morn, lies cropt at night
By fancy's wanton pow'r.

A shadow, smoke, a breath, we say,
Are much like Beauty's date ;
As transient as the vernal ray
Is all frail woman's fate.

Be wisdom then your earliest care ;
Virtue your sole delight ;
Pleasures, like meteors of the air,
Are rapid in their flight.

For when the stern imperious pow'r
Has struck the fatal blow !
Then woman, like the short liv'd flow'r,
Must into aether go.

FEMALE DEMONSTRATION.

Fidelio once unluckily said,
(However such nonsense came into his head)
That the sex he had lov'd and study'd so long,
Had their fancies and passions a little too strong.
Sabina was fired at a charge so unjust,
As to plead for the fair she is always the first ;
Their wisdom at once in her fury appears,
And she answers his errors by boxing his ears.

ON THE SEASON.

Bedeck'd in Nature's gayest green
The fruitful earth appears,
To cheer the widow's pensive mien,
And dry the infant's tears.

The hand of Providence alone
Pourtrays the prospect fair ;
Sure then his goodness we must own,
Distinguish'd by his care.

Then, for each blessing he has sent,
Our homage let us pay ;
If errors we commit, repent,
And wait the awful day.

Be every action, every thought,
From vice and folly free ;
Our views by heav'nly wisdom taught
To meet eternity.